POSSESSIONS OF SPAIN.

Spanish Patriotism, Pride and Politeness and Dense Ignorance of the War, Americans and All Foreigners.

We were probably the last Americans in Teneriffe, and were glad to get away when the crisis became acute. Not that we were in danger or insulted, but only unpleasantly watched, stared at and whispered about. To be sure, the Spaniards, even the poorest and most ignorant, are quite courteous to strangers, and always less excitable than Prenchmen or Italians. But we knew that they had already smashed the windows of the American consul's house, and there was no telling what they might do to a pair of inquisitive Yankees strolling about the streets. This did not prevent me from 'sizing up' the forts of the place. They are trumpery affairs, mounted with old-gashioned guns, and could be knocked to sieces in twenty minutes by Uncle Sam's and most ignorant, are quite courteous to sieces in twenty minutes by Uncle Sam's arships. Except for the new earthworks

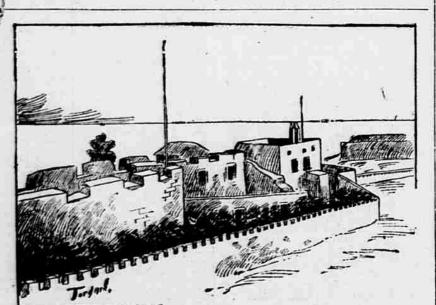
THE FORTUNATE ISLES of more temperate regions, can be grown easily and cheaply. And then, as a sanitarium and playground of the kind that J. B. so dearly loves for a refuge from his snow, rain, fog and hard work, they cannot be beaten anywhere. You can have any climate you want by trying different heights.

Good Road Makers. In road making, at least, the Spaniards

are not degenerate scions of the old Latin stock. The roads between the principal points of Teneriffe are perfectly macadamized, wide enough most of the way for three or four carriages abreast and wind on and up with easy grades. For the dead of winter there is always Santa Cruz on the south side, basking in the sun and never too warm for free outdoor life with comfort. For the spring, summer and fall there is Orotava, with its entrancing vale, preferred by many visitors to Santa Cruz itself as a winter residence by reason of its northerly exposure and bracing sea breezes, Icod Laguna, Tacorante and Guimar are pitched at various altitudes to suit, with specialties of climate and other attractions. These are all on Teneriffe. The other islands have their share of borny places, too, needing only a few more fine hotels to make them all that the most exacting tourist could wish. points of Teneriffe are perfectly macadam

The Americanized Emigrant.

d Krupp guns, which may have been proded since we left, there is absolutely othing to protect Santa Cruz from an attack by the sea—no outlying defenses, no



FORT AT SANTA CRUZ.

guarded approaches. A fleet can sail in as close as it likes with plenty of deep water. The city slopes back to the hills, every white house offering a target. Only —don't hit the mole. It has cost Spain a mint of money and years to build. When completed it will be useful to the United States or England as owner of Teneriffe. Quien sabe? I assisted—as the French say—at several

Quien sabe?

I assisted—as the French say—at several reviews and parades of troops The men are above the average height, wiry and tough, physically ahead of French and Italian soldiers, well equipped and drilled, and admirably officered. At Camacho's table d'hote we had a taste of the officers every day. The army and navy were in force there, quite dignified and the pink of propriety.

force there, quite dignified and the pink of propriety.

Between the dishes they would read Madrid papers that had just arrived, full of canards and appeals designed to fire the Spanish heart against Yankees and their English sympathizers. But they never made a gesture, or shot a glance, or said a word to offend the little knot of Anglo-Saxons near them. The more of the host's good Valdepenas they put under their gold-iaced fackets, the graver and more self-controlled they seemed to be. It will never do to underrate Spaniards in Cuba or elsewhere. They are patriotic and proud. Their great fault—which is the national folble—is the inveterate habit of putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Apart from their unreadiness, they are foremen worthy of our steel. They are more likely to stand and die in their tracks with Castillian pride than to run af the

are toemen worthy of our steel. They are more likely to stand and die in their tracks with Castillan pride than to run at the first fire.

If we know little about Spaniards by actual contact with them, they know less about us. They are more ignorant, if possible, of all foreigners than the French themselves. Volumes could not say more. And the Madrid journals studiously increase their blindness by their wilful and reckless inventions to the prejudice of the United States. The little papers of the Canaries pipe the same tune of boasting and defiance. Dewey's glorious victory at Manila is already explained away. They expect better luck at Santa Cruz and Las Palmas. Whereas, really, the capture of the whole Canary group is a bagatelle Manila is already explained away. They expect better luck at Santa Cruz and Las Palmas. Whereas, really, the capture of the whole Canary group is a begatelle compared with that of the Philippines. I mean, of course, as a job for the navy. The military occupation of the islands is another matter.

mean, of course, as a job for the navy. The military occupation of the islands is another matter.

Englishmen's Interests.

If England gets mixed up in our quarrei, at any point, that is as likely to happen at the Canaries as elsewhere. Englishmen have large interests at stake there, They run two big lines of steamers—the Castle and the Union—to South Africa, touching at the Canaries with passengers and freight; also two lines to New Zealand and several to West Africa. Both Santa Cruz and Las Palmas are good repairing and coaling stations for the longer voyages. English capital is building great first-class hotels on the islands. One at Orotava, Teneriffe, cost at least \$300,000, including the spacious grounds exquisitely laid out with palms and flowers. These houses are the winter homes of hundreds of English.

ceeds becomes American with a facility truly prodigious, but he who fails remains European.

Thus it is that a certain part of Chicago constitutes a veritable international sink where the French, the Swedes, the Germans, the Slavs, the Italians, dwell in groups, retaining in their misery the distinctive marks of their nationality, the language and the habits of their races.

On the other hand, the Americanization of the others is perhaps not so complete at bottom as it is in appearance. The future alone can tell, it remains true, none the less, that in a single generation Europe seems to have lost all influence over the sons of those who have abandoned her to fix themselves in the New World, and who have been able to make any position for themselves there, however modest. There is in the air they breathe, in the life thy live, something which takes their youth, their enthusiasm, and inoculates it in some way with all the hereditary American possessions and ideas. The fact is very curious, and certainly, to this degree, it is unique. How could it fall to act powerfully on the imagination of a people aiready given to believe itself placed above all others?

OUR OLDEST VESSEL.

The Schooner Polly Was Built in 1805 and Still Flies the Stars and

The oldest vessel flying the American flag is now in the port of Bangor, as right and tight and ready for business as any craft in the port. This is the schooner Polly built in Amesbury, Mass., in 186, and now hailing from Portland.

The Polly, stubtoed, high-sided and roly-poly, seems to be as good as ever; all because, as her master says, they used good white oak in the days when she was built, instead of the shaky and sappy stuff called oak now.

She was once a man-o'-war, that is a privateer, in the risky days of 1812, when the United States had more of a naval fight on hand, proportionately, than it has today.

While the Polly would be laughed at now as a diminutive as well as an awkward and tight and ready for business as any



SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE.

Spanish dislike of English, as the good friend of the United States, pushed to an extreme point. Fancy some vexatious obstruction put to the landing of John Bull's passengers and freight or the coaling of him ships. Any little needless delay or him-drance would be very annoying to him Suppose a move to confiscate or levy a discriminating tax on English property ormost scrious of all—some outrage siglicted on her Britannic majesty's consul or insert to the Union Jack'. Any of these things are possible. And it would be just like Spain to quibble diploamatically aboxt amends and apologies, wifn the desperate hope of enlisting France on her side. And so John Bull who is not in the habit of pocketing affronts and turning the other check to the smiter, may be driven to take a hand in the game of war. If so, good-by to the Spanish flag in the Canaries. What a splending in the Canaries, with him, say, for her side them off, with him, say, for her should be substituted to the spanish flag in the Canaries and our possession, we might trade them off, with him, say, for he should be substituted to the spanish flag in the Canaries, which them to him. They are just that the dear of the substitute of all the our possession we might present for coal bins exactly in the track of his enormous commerce with Africa. New Xealand and his West india colonies. The miserable shiftlessness of the Spaniaris has left their great potential resources but half developed. Since the collapse of the cochineal industry, owing to the discovery of assistance of the substitute of the condition of the English flag, would exploit all the latent values of the Canaries and add much to the world's wealth and happiness. All of the profitable products of the sub-tropics, as well as

celona is more or less engaged in commerce or business; it has no wealthy aris-tocracy, like Madrid, who do not work.

tocracy, like Madrid, who do not work.

Barcelona, in the eyes of the Spaniards, is the finest city on the Mediterranean, beside which Marseilles and Naples are mere villages. It is situated in a plain between the rivers Besos and Llobregat, at the foot of the Montjuich hill, on which is the famous castle of that name, considered by the Spanish as impregnable. This castle commands the city and the port, as well as the citadel, a fortress built on the system of Yauban, to the northeast of the city. Barcelona has other works of defense, such as walls, ditches and batteries. The walls, however, are in course of demolition in order to make room for the enlargement of the city.

Founded by Hercules.

Founded by Hercules

If tradition is to be believed, Barcelon was founded by Hercules long before the building of Rome; but historians generally attribute its foundation to Hamilcar Barca. who gave it the name of Barcino, whence the more modern name of Barcelona is de the more modern rame of Barcelona is de-rived. From the Carthaginians the city passed into the hands of the Romans and Arabs until its conquest by the Christians toward the year 800. It was then governed until the twelfth century by counts, who were really independent, although nomin-ally subject to the Carloving an kings. After the Barcelona became a part of the kingwere really independent, although nominally subject to the Carloving an kngs. After this Barcelona became a part of the kingdom of Aragon, and reached a remarkable degree of prosperity through its extensive commerce with all the ports on the Mediterranean and even with those of England and the Netherlands. The first vestiges of the establishment of maritime insurance and the negotiation of bills of exchange are to be found in the history of Barcelona, thus showing the progressive character of its inhabitants.

this era of prosperity, however, did not last very long, for once submitted to the authority of the kings of Castile, the commerce of Barcelona decayed, and was soon enveloped in the general ruin of the country. This gave rise to a feeling of discontent, and in 1840 Barcelona rebelled against Spain and was annexed to France. against Spain and was annexed to France. It was recovered by Spain in 1852, again taken by the French in 1857, and given back to Spain in the same year.

Some of Its History. At the time of the succession war Barce duke. In 1714 it was besieged and taken by the French under the Duke of Berwick and once more it was returned to Spain. In 1869 it was occupied by the soldiers of Napoleon and held until 1814. In 1841 an epidemic of yellow fever broke out there, and more than 40,000 of its inhabitants perished. Barcelona has been in this century the scene of formidable insurrections, such as that of 1827, when the agraviados rose in arms: that of 1825, when a rabble broke to pieces a statue of Ferdinand VII., and beheaded General Bassa, whose body was dragged on the streets of the city; that of 1841, when the Guardia Nacional demanded the destruction of the fortifications, and, finally, that of 1842, which could not be quelled until after the bombardment of the city by the government troops. Eight hundred shells, 200 grenades and 100 obus were then fired on Barcelona, and a large portion of the city was reduced to ashes.

Disgusted With the War. and once more it was returned to Spain. In

Disgusted With the War.

"One can imagine how the population of this important center of Spanish industry were disgusted to learn of the war and tha were disgusted to learn of the war and that their nation was doomed to decay." says an English writer. "For the province of Catalonia, of which Barpelona is capital, has never been overproud of its alliance, with Castile, and so with the rest of Spain. They would have preferred independence, or, perhaps, an alliance with France, it was chiefly the attitude of Napoleon in the war of independence that forced the Catalons definitely to throw in their lot with Spain. "Barcelona lacks much of the swagger of the aristocratic Madrid. The national

colors, moreover, are far less conspicuous

BEAUTIFUL BARCELONA

Seriousness of the situation. For it is almost certain that worse is to come, and that the trade of this great and prosperous city may, for no fault of its own, be reduced to an absolute standardill. What will happen then? Barcelona's distrust of the Madrid government, and its own historic tendency toward sedition and revolution, cannot well be left out of consideration.

The War is Not Popular in This Town of Spain—It is the Only Manufacturing Center and War Affected its Business.

Barcelona is the pride of modern Spain, it is the country's only manufacturing center. It is progressive. Now, with its half million population, it has an undispute of the condition of the capital, Madrid. Every person in Barcelona is more or less engaged in commerce or business; it has no wealthy arising the commerce or business; it has n

SPAIN'S DARING ENEMY.

A Dramatic Episode in the Life of Aguinaldo-The Vengeance of a Malay.

Pancho Aguinaldo, the native dictator of the Philippines, is a very picturesque personage. He is the son of a very promi-nent native chief. Anxious that his boy should be educated, this chief confided the lad to the Spanish priests, who thought that Aguinaldo's influence, when he grew up, would help to maintain Spanish au thority among the Malay population. The father is rich, for a native, and Pancho Aguinaldo, after being taught in the local schools, was sent to Madrid to study the-ology and qualify for the priesthood After a year or two of study the young man boldly declared he would not priest, but a soldier. So he was drafted into one of the native regiments, in which a few of the subalterns are Manlia men, but all the captains and field officers are

a few of the subalterns are Manila men, but all the captains and field officers are Spaniards.

Nearly two years ago Aguinaldo and a compatriot named Alexandro, also a lieutenant of native troops, organized a revolt in the native corps. Aguinaldo's regiment one morning, while on parade, shot all the Spanish officers except a few lieutenants and took to the savannas—great trackless prairies, swampy, with occasional high bits of land, called "mattes." Here Aguinaldo made his headquarters. At one time he must have had 4,000 or 5,000 men under arms of some sort hidden in these fastnesses, raiding the rich settlements whenever they felt like it. The political governor general of the islands. Senor Don Basilio Augustin y Davila, offered a reward of \$20,000 for the head of Aguinaldo. Within a week he received a note from the insurgent chief, saying: "I need the sum you offer very much, and will deliver the head myself."

Ten days later the southeast typhoon was raging. The hurricane—for it was one—was tearing things to bits, and it was raining as it can rain only in the Orient, a sheet of black water flooding the earth. The two sentinels at the governor general's gate made the usual reverent sign as a priest passed in, who asked if his excellency were within and unengaged. They answered yes to both questions. Don Basilio did not turn his head as someone entered. It was his secretary, he supposed, come to help prepare an eloquent statement upon the condition of the colonies. It was not the secretary, but a priest, who said: "Peace be with you, my son."

The cleric locked the door, and, dropping his development and company and comp

said: "Peace be with you, my son."

The cleric locked the door, and, dropping his cloak, said:

his cloak, said:
"Do you know me?"
Don Basilio did not know him. It was Aguinaido, also a twenty-inch bolo, a native knife, sharp as a razor, carried by every Malay in time of trouble. They can lop off an arm with one blow, as though every Malay in time of trouble. They can lop off an arm with one blow, as though it were a carrot.

"I have brought the head of Aguinaldo." the chief said, touching the edge of his jewel-hilted bolo to ascertain its condition, "and I claim the reward. Hasten, else I shall have to expedite the matter myself."

Don Basilio was trapped. He had to open his desk and count out the sum in Spanish gold. Aguinaldo punctiliously wrote a receipt, coolly counted the money and walked backward toward the door. He suddenly opened it and dashed out, just ahead of a pistol bullet that cut his locks on the temples. Captain General Polavieja offered him and Alexandro a free pandon and \$20,000 each to quift the colony. They accepted it and got the money, only to learn that they were both to be assassinated the next night at a festa. The two men who had undertaken the job were found dead, stabbed to the heart, in their own beds. On the kriss handle was a bit of paper with a line saying: "Beware of the Malay's vengeance."

vengeance."
Polavieja resigned and returned to Spain, being succeeded by General Augustin, for-

THE FUNNIEST WAR NEWS.

exeruciating Result of a Spanis Editor's Effort to Disclose the Truth to Americans.

From the Mexican Herald. The issues of the 18th and 19th inst. of La Epoca, of Vera Cruz, are at hand, and make interesting reading. The editor trans-lates, or rather attempts to translate, those of his articles which he considers calculated to destroy the peace of mind of Americans in Mexico, so that ignorance of Spanish may be no reason why they should remain in ignorance of how near the rag-ged edge Columbia really is. The follow-ing are examples of La Epoca's journalistic rables:

From the New York Sun.

The secret service of the government during the present war has been employed mostly in discovering and thwarting the efforts of Spain to get information and gain certain ends in this country by means of secret agents. That the secret service has been successful has been attested by Lieutenant Carranza, formerly of the Spanish legation in Washington and the head of the Spanish spy system in this country. In his published letter setting forth his hopes, plans and experiences he referred to the work of the secret service thus:

"The Americans are showing the most extraordinary vigilance. They have captured my two best men." And he might have added: "In a moment one of their men will come into this room, take this letter, send it to John Wilkie, chief of the secret service of America, who will there-

THE OLD TOWN OF CADIZ

ONE OF THE PORTS THAT COMMO-DORE WATSON MAY VISIT.

It Is the First Military Port of Spain and Was at One Time Its Richest City - Often Besieged

and Captured.

One of the ports likely to be visited by Commodore Watson when he crosses the Atlantic is Cadiz, one of the most strongly fortified, and also one of the most pictur-

esque, cities of the Spanish coast. Cadiz has been considered the key Spain. It has known war. Time and time again it has been besieged and captured. Most recently, in 1823, when the French, in support of Ferdinand VII., sent a land and naval force. For three months the town held out gallantly and then capitulated. Some people think that if the Americans capture the city war would cease precisely as it did after that French expedi-

tion. English Attack on Cadiz.

Another memorable time in the city's history was when the English in 1506 cap-



CADIZ AND ITS HARBOR.

by be informed officially, as if I were to confess to him myself, all that I have done and all that I hope to do."

An illustration of how the secret service does its work was given last week by Chief Wilkie during a conversation in his private "Of course they need it."

To boast so much of their great force, office:

The Downing Case.

"The Downing case was taken up by us and we disposed of him," Chief Wilkie began, "in less than one week. I was warned that George Downing, a former sailor on the cruiser Brooklyn, had entered the Spanish spy service. He was located on arriving in Toronto. When he went to pay his first call to the attache of the Spanish legation my man was within earshot and heard every word that passed between them. He heard all of the instructions Downing received, and when Downing left the room my man met him as if by chance and asked him for a match to light his cigar. He walked with him to his hotel. gan, "in less than one week. I was warned

sand "yankees" were executed. It also prints a picture of the steamer Villayerde and announces that she is ready to sall, loaded with a rich cargo, from Vera Cruz for Cuba, and dares the American squadron to seize her.

Other articles published in La Epoca are on a par with those given, and the entire paper is better than a circus from beginning to end.

A Land Across the Sca.

From Collier's Weekly.

In Cadiz the presentment mentioned of a land across the sea stalked the streets. To antiquity the idea was a dream. To prehistoric Europe it was a tradition, to primeval humanity a fact. The disappearance of a world coincided with the advent of man. At that time Spain and the United States were one. Geologists have shown that in the nebulous days that extend behind the beginning of time a continent was engulfed. Catalogued in mythography as Atlantis. it connected this country with the Iberian peninsula. Of it the Azores, Madeira and the Canaries remain. Everything being possible, it may be that there were those who stood about and beheld the convulsion in which it disappeared. It must have startled them. Even in the post-pilocene epoch a spectacle such as that could not have been an ordinary event. The circumstance, already strained and the Avery Gid City.

A Very Gid City. Caught in His Home.

"Then we knocked at the front door. The mistress of the house thrust her head through the window and declined to let us in till I threatened to break down the door. Then, yery much frightened, she admitted us. Leaving the soldiers below. I took two of my men, and bidding the landlady ge before, went up to his door. I bade the landlady knock and tell Downing that some friends from Chicago wanted to see him. She could leave the rest to me. She did so Downing bit at once and we could hear him dressing. The hall wos dark, and we stood on either side of the door. When he opened the door he was in the best possible situation for canture had he been disposed to put up a fight, for he was in the act of putting on his coat and had one arm through his sleeve and the other only half through, so that he couldn't have used either to advantage. I grabbed him by the collar and explained our errand briefly. Instead of fight, he wilted like an icicle on the Washington pavement in July.

"Entering his room, we found his effects the cipher he was to use in telegraphing to his Spanish employer, some destroyed correspondence: in fact, everything necessary to make out a perfect case. He never recovered from his collapse. He had brains enough to see that it was all up with him. We turned him over to the soldiers, who took him to the military prison, and there, after a severe attack of melancholia, he committed suicide by hanging."

Chief Wilkie is under 40. For years he was city editor of the Chicago Tribune. He

Unusual Caution.

m the Chicago Tribune. From the Chicago Tribune.

"I think I'll take a walk," remarked the commercial traveler as he strolled away from the hotel. "Which, is the way to Dewey street?"

"We hain't got any Dewey street," said the man from the hotel steps, "The city council passed an ordinance changing the name of Olive street to Dewey all right enough, but the mayor vetoed it."

"Who is your mayor?"

"Who is your mayor?"
"He's a man named Sampson. He said he reckoned we'd better wait till the war was over."

prominence, and printed in parallel columns. The following is the alleged English, as copied verbatim from La Epoca.

"We certainly admire the american way to hide their losses.

"Of course they need it.

"To loss tso much of their great force, to success; to be so wicked to intrigue; to threaten to make Spain surrender in a week; and at the end of two endless month, to have nothing done, is very shameful.

"They tried to cut all cables, so that nobody but them could send war messages, and then say to the world whatever they should please. Fortunatel, y they could not do ivan that.

"So, we have (accarding to thern) no news but those coming from them.

"Of course, they hide their losses in Matanzas. Clenflegos, St. Juan, of Porto Rico, Guantanamo and Santiago de Cuba, and instead of this they say they have were a notorious victory in each place. tanzas. Cienfuegos, St. Juan, of Porto Rico, Guantanamo and Santiago de Cuba, and instead of this they say they have and instead of this they say they have won a notorious victory in each place.

"The battleships, Yowa, New York the torpedo boat Winslow and some other that went to the bottom of the sea, or back had per repairs, those of course have had per repairs, those of course have been por repairs, those of course have had per repairs, those of course have been por repairs, those of course have season and his crew are still at Cavite starving until the Spaniards give them a passport to the other world.

"According to american messages, hey have no yellow fever at Tampa, Chickanagua, Henry and Cavite; not at all."

"But in despite of their effrontery the world knows, that their soldlers are dying by the hundred daily of that diserse.

"About twenty-five times they took possession of Cuba but every body knows that the troops are still unexercised at their camps in the United States.

"What looks funny is the sinking of the creuiser Merrimac.

"But at this, they mistrust their ability and repeat every moment corious novels about the heroicity of Hobson and his trust your ability ty lie. We believe it was a Spanish toryedo. It was a Spanish tory edo. It

tured, pillaged and burned it. The booty

A Very Old City. Cadiz was founded about 1,900 years be-

Cadiz was founded about 1,000 years before Christ by the Phoenecians, who called it Gaddir. It was placed under the care and protection of Hercules, and on its arms are still represented that hero of mythology strangling two lions. The Carthagenians conquered it, and then, in 206 B. C. it passed into the bands of the Romans. Caesar ruled then as a simple quaestor. From descriptions that survive, it must have been a fine place in those days in which to live. "It was renowned," says a writer, "for the sheen of its purple, for wine smoother than Falernian, for honey more aromatic than that of Hymettus, and for girls that had the Orient in their eyes and lips that said, "Drink me"."

To the Sun.

Speed on, oh Sun' Thou orb of everlasting light. Thy work's not done. For close behind thee comes stern high! For close bening.
With whip in hand, To drive thee on, in swittest flight, To distant land.

Forevermore
Shalt thou serve faithfully mankind.
As heretofore:
Since as man's slave thou wert designed.
To give him light
And take from him the wretched blind
Of darkent night.

15 1508. Of darkest night. Ash Grove, Mo., June 24, 1898.

Vaudevillainy.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The gentleman in the bald wig—"Got that thread tied round your finger to help you remember something?"
The gentleman with the green whiskers—
"That is not a string. It is a horse hair, to
help me remember the mane."

Chiliam luminitamitamini Pond Comment HARBOR OF BARCELONA.

than in the capital. The shop windows do not abound in portraits of the little king and the queen regent. Even the mantilla itself is comparatively rare. Save only in church, the smarter laddes wear hats of a French pattern; the rest are contented to go about with heads uncovered, except by their hair, which is often brought up on the top of the head in a fashion that is almost Japanese." merly captain general of Barcelona, Aguinaldo is about 28 years old. He and his comrade, Alexandro, hold the future of the Philippines almost in their hands. A FORGOTTEN LOCALITY.

Famous as a Turbulent Town. Despite its advantages of situation and its commercial importance, Barcelona has always been famous as a turbulent town. always been famous as a turbulent town. Revolutions, combined with barricades and fighting in the streets, it has seen many. It is, indeed, still looked upon as a hotbed of sedition—an opinion confirmed by the anarchistic disturbances of a short time ago. It is just two years since a bomb was thrown at a religious procession on Corpus Christi day, which killed twelve people outright and wounded some fifty others. At the present moment there are many in Spain who are anxious lest their commercial capital has further and imminent trouble awaiting it.

cial capital has further and imminent trouble awaiting it.

However little the good people of Barcelona may worry about the adventures of their navy and army in the distant and long rebellious colonies, it seems more than possible that one result of the war will trouble them a good deal, and that before very long. Prices, including that of coal, are steadily going up, while the value of the national silver coinage has sadily deteriorated. Before the Cuban revolt pesetas were as good as francs; during the past few weeks they have been about one-half their former value, the exchange at the present moment being forty-five pesetas for twenty-five francs or an English sovereign.

How War Affects Business.

How War Affects Business.

Consequently, the great textile manufac turing firms of Barcelona can no longer run factories at any appreciable profit. Trade, moreover, especially to the colonies, has now fallen away to nothing. The warehouses are vastly overstocked with manu factured goods, for which at present there houses are vastly overstocked with manufactured goods, for which at present there is no demand. In many cases there are large stocks of raw material, which it would not pay to manufacture. These latter stocks are now being largely exported, as the price paid for them in foreign money, when converted into pesetas, yields an apparent handsome profit on the original cost price. At the present time the quays of Barcelona are covered with the bales.

Meanwhile, things are bad indeed for the operatives. For some time past the prices of all commodities have been steadily mounting. But this, of course, is not the worst. Over thirty of the smaller factories have closed altogether, which means that between 3,000 and 4,000 operatives are entirely out of work. Most of the larger factories, including two which employ over 1,500 hands aplece, are running at half their usual strength and output. In order to retain their workpeople they have distant them into two bands, which work at their usual strength and output. In order to retain their workpeople they have displayed them into two bands, which work alternate weeks, and thus are "out" for only half their time. It is needless to say that the war is heartily cursed; but at present the town does not seem to realize fully the star?"

How Some Manuscript Offered for Sale

Was Not Good Copy for the War Times. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The hollow-eyed stranger thrust forward a roll of manuscript. "When I was in the Klondike-" he be gan. "What place is that?" interrupted the editor.
"Klondike!" echoed the surprised

entor,

"Klondike!" echoed the surprised stranger.

"How do you spell it?"

The stranger patiently told him.

"Stranger, murmured the editor, "I don't recognize any of the familiar earmarks. It isn't 'sergo' or 'purto' or 'ensenda' Klondike, is it?"

"No," said the stranger, "it's just the plain Klondike.

"Well, go ahead," said the editor, resignedly. "I think you said you escaped from there in an open boat?"

"No, I didn't," said the stranger.

"Excuse me," said the editor, "but they invariably do. Go on.

"I came over the Skaguay route," continued the stranger with a dark look, "through the snow and ice, and—"Hold on," cried the editor, "what are you talking about? Ther's no snow and ice in Cuba!"

"Who's talking about Cuba?" whooned.

"Who's talking about Cuba?" whooped "Who's talking about Cuba?" whooped the stranger.
"You!" roared the editor. "You came in representing yourself as a Cuban refugee, and tried to work off some bogus Spanish names on me. I've spotted you. Klondlke and Skaguay! You mast think I'm dead easy. Take your old war rot and clear out."

"Who's talking about the war? I don't know anything about it. What's the matter with you?"
"Don't know anything about the war?" screamed the editor. "Get out of here! I've got no time to talk to idiots! Scat!" And the hollow-eyed Klondiker hastily went down the stairs.

Captain O'Neil's Last Letter.

Here is an extract from the last letter written by Captain O'Neil of the rough riders, who was killed before Santiago: "We expect to leave for Cuba among the first troops sent: the president has so promised. Shall take arms and supplies to Garcia, with whom we are to co-operate. No one here knows the sailing point or landing place. As soon as we get into our No one here knows the sailing point or landing place. As soon as we get into our special uniform, will send you a photograph and will ship you a machete after our first fight. It looks as if it would be in the nature of a quick dash through the Spanish lines into Garcia's camp. How shall we pull through? Quien sabe? Perhaps a victory—and success; perhaps a fellow's body, dead, flung into a trench under the tropic sun. I am ready to take all the chances. Who would not gamble for a star?"

learned his assumed name, got a tracing of his handwriting from the register and later shadowed him to the train.

"Then he telegraphed that Downing had left for Washington on the 5 o'clock train sent me a full-description of him, and when the train arrived here three of my boys spotted him. They followed him to a boarding house, where he left his grip. Then they followed him about town and back to his house. After an hour or so he came out and walked to the postoffice. When he dropped a letter to his Spanish employer in Toronto through the postoffice receiver, the letter fell into the hands of one of my operatives and was brought at once to me, while the other operatives followed Downing back to his boarding house. I opened the letter, and upon reading it communicated with the war department, which decided upon a military arrest. Soldiers were sent for, and, taking a few operatives with me, we went to Downing's house. He was still there, and we walted till the extinguished lights told us that he had gone to bed.

Caught in His Home.

lady knock and tell Downing that some friends from Chicago wanted to see him. She could leave the rest to me. She did so. Downing bit at once and we could rear him dressing. The hall was dark, and we stood on either side of the door. When he opened the door he was in the best possible situation for capture had he been disposed to put up a light, for he was in the act of putting on his coat and had one arm through his sleeve and the other only half through, so that he couldn't have used either to advantage. I grabbed him by the collar and explained our errand briefly. Instead of fight, he wilted like an leicle on the Washington pavement in July.

"Entering his room, we found his effects, the cipher he was to use in telegraphing to his Spanish employer, some destroyed correspondence: in fact, everything necessary to make out a perfect case. He never recovered from his collapse. He had brains enough to see that it was all up with him. We turned him over to the soldiers, who took him to the military prison, and there, after a severe attack of melancholia, he committed suicide by hanging."

Chief Willeie is under 40. For years he was city editor of the Chicago Tribune. He left journalism to go to London and went from there to the secret service.

Not long ago Secretary Gage asked Wilkie performed the task so quickly and satisfactorily that Gage offered him the place he now holds.

First drummer—"I hear you've given up trade to go to the front?" Second—"Yes."

First drummer—"I hear you've given up trade to go to the front?" Second—"Yes." "I don't suppose the salary was the chief inducement." "No; commission."—Philadelphia Record.